

Mervin Armstrong

(Concluded from page one)

Company M, 19th Infantry

August 4th, 1918

Mr. J. B. Armstrong,

Hannaford, N. D.

Dear Mr. Armstrong:

In our recent offensive which has been so successful for the Allied cause, your son made the supreme sacrifice.

You have our deepest sympathy in your hour of sorrow and we hope that your grief will be tempered by the knowledge that your son gave his life for the cause of Liberty.

His death is keenly felt by the members of this Company with whom he was deservedly popular.

Sincerely,

James W. Young.

2nd Lt., 19th Inf.

Mervin was a young man who carefully thought out things ahead. He took out a liberal life insurance and made a careful and wise disposition of the money that came to him from the Government that was not needed by him in service. He not only needed the power of money to bless but also to curse a young man so he made these provisions and said that he would never allow his money to make him trouble. (This is a good thought for other young men to consider.)

It has not only been of interest but a comfort to note what some of the censors have written on his letters that he sent home. Such for instance as, "Your son is a brave soldier," "Your son is a man of excellent Christian character."

Mervin J. Armstrong not only heeded the call of his country but also the call of his God. On Aug. 11, 1912, being about fourteen years of age, he personally accepted Jesus Christ as his personal Savior and placed himself in fellowship with the Presbyterian church of this place in which communion he held his membership till his Heavenly Father called upon him to join the heavenly throng.

It is worthy of notice that on the evening of August 12th, he was present with other members of his family in the church just as the shades of evening were gathering around us and we gathered around the Lord's Table and partook of the bread and the cup of our Lord's broken body and shed blood, and like his Master went forth that his body might be broken and his blood shed to help break the shackles that were binding the millions of a suffering world.

Here hangs a service flag with stars placed in the white for our boys who have gone from us. A second star has now turned from the blue to the gold, the thought of which has been beautifully expressed as follows by William Cressy.

We don't seem to know 'till we have lost it, just how much a thing is

Aspinwall potato cutter; One galvanized 6 1/2-barrel tank; One John Deere manure spreader; One 3 1/4-inch tire wagon with 125-bu. tank; One 3 1/2-inch tire wagon with 125-bu. tank, new; One 3 1/4-inch tire wagon with 90 bu. box; One Rushford Junior wagon with rack; One narrow tired wagon; One 2-seated platform buggy; One Concord single buggy; Twenty rods woven wire; Two pairs bob sleds; One Stewart horse clipper; One DeLaval cream separator, size 750; Six sets work harness; One single harness; One man's saddle; Some stove wood and some lumber.

All Household Goods, Including: One Majestic range used 11 months; One side-board; One Victrola; Beds and Bedding; Bedsteads; Cupboards; Bureaus; Rugs; Linoleum; Dishes and very many other household articles too numerous to mention.

Sale Starts at 10:00 A. M. Sharp. Hay for Horses. Lunch at Noon. Terms of Sale: All sums of \$10.; or under cash. Over \$10 time will be given until October 1st, 1919, upon good bankable paper.

H. G. ROHLWING, Owner
J. A. H. WINSLOE, Auctioneer.
WILLIAM ANGUS, Clerk

worth,

And then when it is gone we discover 'twas the most precious thing on earth.

Something we prized in its newness,
Grows dearer as it grows old,
And that which we treasure as silver,
we discover is purest gold.

Perhaps to-day you are treasuring
A wee flag of red and white,
It is hanging in your window, thru
the day and night;

And on its white heart is gleaming
a star of heaven's own blue;
A star for your boy who is fighting,
for his country and you.

Our service flags are crimson; how
we glory in each star!

How we love our boys and miss
them, and how proud of them we
are!

And, if God, in His infinite wisdom,
should call them to his fold;

We still fly the flag of crimson, but
the blue star now is gold.

Oh, boys in the flush of your man-
hood, how you answered the call
to arms;

How you came from the towns and
cities, from the villages and the
farms;

How we gloried in your going, and
we asked dear God to hold,

And to help us if the time comes,
when your blue star turns to gold

And we're sending you this message
to the land across the foam;

To tell you how the home folks are
praying for you at home.

And if you should never come back,
you must know as time grows old,

We shall treasure that flag in crim-
son with the blue stars turned to
gold.

Mervin, your star has turned to
gold.

Farewell, Mervin, Farewell.

Peace be to thy ashes.

Sweet rest unto thy soul.

May thy virtues be our inspira-
tion.

May thy joys be a strength to our
hope.

And when our muffled drums shall
beat for the call from the bivouac
of this life, may we also be trans-
ferred to that immortal and victori-
ous army above in the Grand Re-
view before the throne of God.